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The Humans Don't Know, They Hope.

OC OC

A/N in the comments

Special thanks to u/thefuckamldoing for this post. Helped me put together the final piece in the idea behind this that I had floating around for a little while.

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We were wrong about humans, and not by their strength, or their intellect. Those were well known, they were planned for over months, not any flaw in that math. The problem was so different, so alien to us. At first, we thought we had overestimated their intellect, despite all of our best prediction models something had to be off about their intelligence.

But as the war had dragged on we thought that they were getting dumber if anything. That's what it looked like to us;

what creature would use their flagship to defend even a hundred others escape?

What sane species would leave legions on a planet as their fleet left?

What being would detonate a grenade in their hand before letting their position fall?

And how did it **work?**

Either they had to have some hidden rival of ours in the background helping or we were wrong. We were of course, but not about what we thought.

Somehow, almost every one of those seemingly insane moves worked. Those ships that were saved at the loss of a flagship came back and hit our fleet harder than ever. That legion left on the planet held it until we had to bombard them from orbit, destroying every resource left on that planet in the process. That single grenade took out a dozen soldiers, giving the humans defending enough time to push forward. Holding their position another day longer.

It took me a while to see, combing over every piece of footage off of helmet cameras and drones, painstakingly scraping through audio files. I spent almost a year on this subject before I realized what we didn't account for, why they managed to turn everything around.

There wasn't a hidden ally helping them, some flaw in our predictive models because of a mis-input or using the wrong variable for their intelligence,

The Humans Didn't Know Anything.

The admiral of their fleet didn't know if the rest of their ships would get out, whether or not they would be able to fight or even turn the tide of another battle another day.

The soldiers left in hell didn't know how long they would be able to hold, they didn't know if they could delay us long enough for rescue or if they would force us to almost destroy the planet to kill them.

The soldier holding the grenade didn't know if it would save his siblings in arms, whether he would take any of us down with him. Whether his death would mean anything.

Every one of their great feats wasn't planned, they weren't calculated. They didn't even think most of them would work. *But they did it anyways.* They threw planets, ships, lives, themselves into the fray not carelessly, but with hope.

Some faint hope that their sacrifice would change it all, that it would at least just give their race another chance, another second.

They still don't know, those dead humans will never know, they knew they would never know.

That's what separates the humans from us, they don't need calculations, they don't need percentages or anything concrete.

They Just Need Hope,

And that's enough.